



THE
PATRIOTS:
OR, AN
EVENING PROSPECT
ON THE
ATLANTIC.



BRITISH MUSEUM

DEPARTMENT OF SCULPTURE

ANTHROPOLOGY

THE
PATRIOTS:
OR, AN
EVENING PROSPECT
ON THE
ATLANTIC.

IN WHICH

Some Noted Political CHARACTERS are delineated;
with Strictures on those LADIES who have distinguished
themselves in the Fashionable Modes of GALLAN-
TRY.

Carum esse civem, bene de republica mereri, laudari, coli, diligi, gloriosum est. Cic.

L O N D O N:

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To

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ОТДАТА



J. O. D. Q. A.

Printed for T. Cadell, the Bookseller, in Pall Mall.

WITNESSES:

To the MAN who, with Wisdom and Integrity in the Day of Danger, directs the Helm of State.

GOOD SIR,

YOUNG and untutored as I am in the trade of Book-making, I presume to present to you this artless and irregular performance. It will be matter of sincere satisfaction to me, if it shall appear to you, to be the production of a virtuous man, zealous to shew himself a good citizen, who detests the seditious arts of designing men. Happy, indeed, should I be, could I produce any thing which might tend to calm the disordered spirits of my hapless countrymen beyond the Atlantic. Betrayed and deluded by a combination of criminal and ambitious men, they have desperately unsheathed the sword against their warmest and most determined protectors. And, were it possible for them to succeed, where must their impious rebellion terminate? In the cruellest slavery and oppression. These very patriots who now, in swelling strains, declare themselves to be the intrepid assertors of American liberty, will bind them with the fetters of bondage, and scourge them with rods of iron. In place of one humane and

a

gentle

gentle master, they will have a thousand tyrants, and tyrants who must be supported in all the ridiculous and avaricious magnificence that little men can arrogantly claim, when raised to the perilous seat of power and dominion. A warlike force must be established, to be employed in the arduous and unfurmountable task of keeping the balance of government in an unnatural state. Bloody disputes must be decided between the rival patriots, which shall fill miserable America with desolation and slaughter.

If, Sir, I should compare the ring-leaders of this rebellion with those of the conspiracy formed in Rome by Cataline, let me behold in you the penetrating wisdom, and unwearied vigilance of Cicero ; like him, may you always discover the deepest schemes of your enemies, formed in their most secret retirements ; and, like him, blast them by a nervous and well directed eloquence. It would be impertinent, in me, to lay before you the characters and views of those men who, at that time, headed the two factions in Rome, as they are drawn by an elegant historian.

But, I hope, I may be allowed the freedom of briefly reviewing the characters of the American advocates : And among the first, for they have no distinguished leader, we place *Rodondo*. Poverty, in his early youth, inspired this gentleman with an astonishing measure of the spirit of patriotism, which shone forth through a species of eloquence that consists of words of an immoderate length ; and puffing epithetized periods, which being constructed by a false taste

taste for the sublime, degenerates into the bombast. During the first stage of his popular pleading in the house of commons, his invectives against the attention bestowed by his Majesty on the electorate of Hanover, were an engine he never failed to play off in parliament, with all his dexterity and skill: And, so artfully did he employ this prime instrument of sedition, that even the wise and discerning were deceived. At this time Hanover was, in the mouth of this mighty orator, a mill-stone hung about the neck of Great Britain, that would inevitably sink her to the bottom. The scene changed; the shining patriot was raised to the head of his Majesty's council, and then the defence of Hanover became the surest mean of conquering America, where Great Britain was, at that time, carrying on an expensive war in favours of a people who were soon to turn the poinard against her breast.

His admirers saw this, and were ashamed. The faith of the patriotic orator began to be suspected; his plans were scrutinized and opposed. His pride was wounded; and, because he could not rule without controul, he resigned in a fit of spleen: For he was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. But, though regardless of *money*, of the *profits* of *office*, and of the empty *honour* of *titles*, he accepted of a *peerage*, and a *pension* of L. 3000 a year for *three* lives. Yet this disingenuous and ungrateful pensioner, when he retires to feed on the bounty of his Sove——n, with infernal purpose blows the trumpet

trumpet of sedition and rebellion among the subjects of his gracious and indulgent master.

MR C—— F—— a young man of a headlong impetuous temper, with a competent share of that kind of oratory which is built on petulance and scurrility, inflamed by the Daemon of disappointment and disgrace. He had several times, by the interest of partial and misjudging friends, been raised to very lucrative offices in the state; but his irregular and turbulent behaviour rendered it always necessary to withdraw them. Having compleated his tour through nations which have long been the renowned habitation of the fashionable vices, he returned home, adorned with many of the amiable accomplishments of those refined and elegant people. Among which, dissipation, d——ness, g——ng, foppery, and W——m, hold the chief place. The distresses in which he hath been involved, by a gambling life, since his return to London, are urgent proofs of his fine acquisitions abroad. Neither a handsome allowance granted to him by his father, nor the high sums arising from his official appointments, being sufficient to support him, he hath had recourse to methods of raising money no less ruinous than dis——l; and in this infamous traffic, almost every usurious thief, from Pall Mall to the Monument, has been engaged. By so reprehensible a life, his imprudent conduct to a worthy minister in behalf of a profligate p——n, his ingratitude and petulance to the most humane and beneficent So———n, we cannot

cannot be surpris'd that he was deprived of his public offices. And hence sprung the mighty patriot and assertor of American liberty.

MR ————— a loquacious, haughty Scottish East-Indian Nabob, instructed in the principles of liberty, in the famous *Academy*, the *Bay of Bengal*: And assuredly the East-Indies must be the delighted seat of this favourite deity. Happy the man who is initiated there, in the sacred rites of our darling goddess, under the care of those faithful votaries of the adored Mammon, the wealth-creating *Nabobs*. Banished from their native land by poverty or dissipation, they seek, in those regions of barbarity, an asylum which was denied them in that society which unfortunately gave them existence. When wafted to a climate more concordant to their habits of life, rapine, villany, and murder, are the shameful and horrid means they employ of amassing wealth. Thence, returning loaded with the spoils of the East, by venal methods they creep into our councils, poison our deliberations, and embroil our society; and must harrangue, forsooth, in a barbarous eloquence, on liberty, and the states of Greece and Rome; which they know only by reading the Roman History by way of question and answer, or other such childish baubles.

C———l B———e having served some time in the British army, where, it is reasonably supposed, by effrontery he shouldered himself forward some degrees beyond the highest point of merit ascribed to him by his most partial friends, at last jostled himself into a parliamentary seat. On the

one side, he cannot lead; he must, therefore, on the other, raise noise and tumult. No predilection for poor America dictated his opposition to government. America only happened to be the subject of contention. If the ministry had, after some deliberation, proposed to grant every thing demanded by America, or, at least, what might be judged the most reasonable part of their demand, the spirit of opposition would have kindled the same patriotic ardor in his breast. For the minds of some men are peculiarly framed for discord and strife, as a certain mixture of elements produces storms and tempests.

DR F———n was denied the government of a province; every thing, therefore, (saith his judgment, or rather his resentment) in the British Senate, is effected by bribery and corruption. It is, doubtless, high time for the good Doctor to break off all connection with so degenerated a body of men, and to intreat his friends to imitate his worthy example. But, I believe, it would have been happier for the Doctor, if he had pursued his electrical horse-chase. A man may investigate the operations of nature with freedom and safety; but he will find it a dangerous affair to tamper with the laws of society.

MR J———n W———. Ever since the administration of my Lord Bute, this Demagogue, because, on account of his infamous life, he could not be received into the service of government, hath been the fire-brand of the city of London, and the champion of the mob. Expelled the House
of

of Commons, this British Catiline hath, with unremitting assiduity, aimed the best pointed shafts his malice could fabricate against the purest characters in the British empire : And it is worthy of remark, that, in portraying the lives and principles of the best citizens Britain perhaps ever produced, he hath employed a language pointedly descriptive of his own. The stormy day of his glory is past, and the impenetrable shades of oblivious night begin to darken his turbulent reign. Posterity will read, with detestation and astonishment, the seditious practices of this man ; and will be amazed, that he escaped the hand of legal power.

ON the other side appear a glorious band of men, whose virtue, wisdom, unshaken firmness, and invincible love of their country, will long adorn the British annals. Among the chief of these, let me rank my L——d N——th, L——d G——ge G——ne, the acute and ingenious Mr Alexander W——ne Solicitor, Hon—— H—— D——s Lord Advocate for S——nd, who, early in life, gained, by his singular merit, a distinguished name at the Scottish bar ; together with many others, whom I cannot easily enumerate, and whose valuable characters I find myself unable to draw. Surely every honest heart must rejoice, to find, in this downward age, so many men endowed with so many excellent talents, engaged in the important business of the state. While this is the happy fate of this nation, her felicity must be prolonged ; the black designs of cunning and ambitious men must be frustrated ;
and

and the dismal and long prophesied day of her ruin averted.

I shall now only add a brief address to my fellow subjects in America : And, I am persuaded, Gentlemen, you will give it a favourable hearing. In it you will find the dictates of truth and reason, which, I hope, hath not totally lost her influence in your breasts. Her empire may be suspended for a time ; but she generally regains her dominion, in spite of all the unruly passions which may oppose her. Happy the people who enjoy her friendly power and influence. Miserable, indeed, are those who mourn her absence.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Gentlemen, you have not maturely considered the nature of empire, and your own power which you can throw into the scale of that uncontrollable balance, by which, alone, government can possibly remain firm and stable.

SUPPOSE you try the balance with Great Britain, by the weight of territory you can place in the scale of opposition. At first, throwing your eyes around on the wide extended fields of the American continent, you may imagine this exceedingly advantageous for you, that you will easily turn the balance in your favour. But, on reflection, you must discover, that a very great extent of that territory you can, by no means, call your own. Vast regions of it are wild, uncultivated deserts, incumbered with woods and rapacious animals, that live in a perpetual state of warfare

fare with man : Or the abodes of men, whose minds are constantly kindling into vengeance against you, for the injurious encroachments you are daily making on their natural rights. This makes your territory lighter in the balance, than though you did not possess the half of what, in fact, you do. You are not, therefore, yet in a state to bear that importance in the balance which you have prematurely claimed.

Let us see what you can effect by situation ? You are separated from Great Britain by a wide ocean ; but there you will find an element exceedingly unfriendly to you, where she displays her greatest glory. Can you, in defiance to the naval force of Britain, carry on a free and unlimited trade with what nations you please ? Until your naval armament can resist the force of the British thunder, you never can become the Lords of the ocean.

Do you imagine you can overbalance her by the number, the courage, and exquisite discipline of your troops ? Your numbers are to her's in the wide proportion of three millions to twelve ; and I know not when her soldiers have been excelled in the perilous feats of war. The strictness of her discipline, the alertness and firmness of her armies in the day of battle, have excited the admiration of the greatest nations. She hath happily united, in one body, kingdoms that have been renowned from time immemorial for the hardiest deeds of arms. The same ardent bravery, the same thirst for military glory, inspire their souls, and
c
breathe

breathe through their trusty legions. You are but of yesterday, and have your foundations in luxury and dissipation. While she is engaged in war, her commerce, her manufactures, and agriculture flourish; but your fields must lie desolate, your commerce and manufactures perish.

THUS, the external principles of the power of Great Britain, by which, we mean such as are founded in the goods of fortune, are greatly superior to your's. If we compare the internal principles of her power, being such as are founded on the endowments of the mind, with your's, the superiority will, on her side, appear much greater. She hath been singularly happy in producing, from age to age, men of the highest accomplishments in every department of science; by the skill and industry of whom, she hath made the wisdom of past and present ages her own. And, by the wisdom and integrity of these men, hath she formed a model of government the most exquisite to be found in the records of history, which nations, that have made the highest advances in refinement and police, read with envy and astonishment. She hath, by a rare felicity, obtained what the most * elegant of the Greeks wished in vain to see. Her philosophers have become statesmen, and her statesmen philosophers.

You have been guided, Gentlemen, I am afraid, too much by upstarts, ignorant, or factious theologians, who,

on

* Plato repub.

on account of their want of merit, being denied preferment in the land of their nativity, have fled to a country where, from the rude state of science, they might earn a more comfortable subsistence by their trifling acquirements; or men who, from the turbulence of their passions, finding but an irksome abode in a nation under the rule of so many excellent laws, were obliged to emigrate to a country where their baneful tempers might, by a laxer exertion of government, display themselves with impunity.

LEAVE, Gentlemen, I beseech you, by all you hold dear to yourselves and posterity, such dangerous men to brood, in unheeded and contemptible obscurity, over their extravagant dreams, and crude notions of government. They have read political writers, whom they understood not; and their ignorance hath fatally misled themselves and you. And be assured, if you listen to their exhortations, and adopt their schemes, though liberty may be written on your standards, and inscribed on every gate in America, you shall have slavery in your armies, and bondage within your walls. Return, therefore, for it is not yet too late, to your plighted faith and allegiance to your gracious sovereign, who, like a tender parent, is ready to receive you again into his arms. Your crimes have, indeed, been exceedingly aggravated; but his forgiveness and mercy are very extensive.

Omnia vero haec sine ira, et studio dicta sunt, quod mihi a spe, metu, partibus Reipublicae, animus liber est.

The AUTHOR.

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BROAD o'er the wide Atlantic stream
The sun descending shoots his beam :
The clouds receive the golden dye,
And over all the western sky
The lustre flies : His downward rays
Along the sky-blue ocean blaze,
Till, striking on the rocky shore,
Where loud the breaking billows roar,

B

When

When from the deep the surges roll,
 And tempests shake the distant pole, 10
 They dart reflected on the main,
 And form around a golden scene,
 With silver mix'd, of heavenly hue ;
 For here the finest azure blue
 Bursts beauteous on the ravish'd eye ;
 And there the streaks of yellow fly.

FROM Ocean let the prospect change,
 And o'er the fields of Tellus range,
 Where sky-top'd hills in vi'let clad,
 On which old Æther leans his head, 20
 And, often wearied, tho' a God,
 He groans beneath the cumbrous load,
 Their long and winding sides extend,
 With many a glen and rill descend,
 Till greener still, as down they go,
 They mix with flow'ry plains below :
 There, deep and smooth, the river glides,
 And gently laves its bushy sides ;

Where

Where o'er the bank the willow nods,
 The dear retreat of rural Gods ; 30
 Thus softly on the water flows,
 Till rising rocks their height oppose.
 The course is chang'd, the water swells,
 In slumb'ring eddies round it wheels ;
 And closely pent, it rises still,
 Till where two cliffs divide the hill ;
 Then bursting down, it rushes o'er
 A fearful height, with hideous roar.
 Again the fall a jutting rock
 Obstructs : The dashing waters smoke. 40
 Again it rushes o'er the steep,
 And forms beneath a boiling deep :
 Then calmly seeks the equal plain,
 And, winding, sinks into the main.

WHAT joys thy works divine impart,
 What wonder to the human heart,
 Great

Great Nature ! Fill'd with deep amaze,
 Behold yon shepherd muse thy praise ;
 When from the rock he sees the stream,
 With cryſtal wave reflect the beam 50
 Of yonder lamp ; whoſe chearing ray,
 Emblem of him who bade the day
 From pitchy darkneſs fair ariſe,
 And glad the new created ſkies ;
 Who bade yon fields of æther ſpread,
 Theſe tow'ring mountains lift their head !
 In ſyſtem firm the worlds who bound ;
 And bade them know their deſtin'd round.

WHILE thus reflection leads me on,
 And bids all wand'ring thoughts be gone ; 60
 To mild philoſophy the time
 Devote ; and raiſe, in lofty rhyme,
 Her ſacred truths ; which ever pleaſe,
 And always give heart-feeling eaſe :
 With rapture new, new ſcenes I find,
 New beauties burſt upon my mind.

SOMETIMES

SOMETIMES I'm borne thro' shadowy vale,
 Made sacred by old Grandame's tale
 Of sp'rits, that held their revels there ;
 And, chanting to the midnight air, 70
 With wayward song, and bagpipe strain,
 They charm'd the lonely wand'ring swain ;
 While, at the foot of craggy hill,
 They danc'd around the prattling rill.

ANON the mountain's brow I gain,
 From whence I view a vast champaign
 Of herbage rich, and verdure fair,
 And flow'rs that scent the cooling air,
 Which blowing softly o'er the meads,
 Sometimes it whistles through the reeds, 80
 In plaintive, shrill, and murm'ring lay,
 That faintly, quiv'ring, dies away :
 Like that when beauteous Daphne fled,
 And sought of them a kindly shade

From the young god, whom fierce desire,
 And love, whose all consuming fire
 Burns stronger as the object flies,
 And only with enjoyment dies,
 Drove on with unremitting force,
 And gave fresh vigour in the course.

90

AROUND the lowing cattle stray,
 And there the youthful courfers play :
 From dame to dame they lightly bound,
 And, prancing, paw the yielding ground ;
 Their hearts elate with mimic rage,
 In all the force of fight engage ;
 Again they take the winged chace,
 Again renew the wish'd-for race :
 Furious, again the fight they dare ;
 Again renew the horrid war.

100

WHERE oft he finds a sweet retreat,
 To screen him from the noon-tide heat,

By

By yonder lonely aged thorn,
 The shepherd wakes the winding horn :
 A warning to forsake the plain,
 And seek the shades of night again :
 Or yet, reclin'd the brook along,
 He tunes a love-inspiring song.

INVITED by the balmy gale,
 I sink again adown the vale ; 110
 Where safely shelter'd in the nook
 Of hanging rock, or tuneful brook,
 The farmer rears his calm abode,
 By noisy riot never trode :
 Mad tumult he alike defies,
 And the fell rage of northern skies.

BENEATH the mount, some farther still,
 Stands safely plac'd a little mill :
 The sweet briars there, their fragrance spread ;
 And woodbines weave a lovely shade. 120

There

There Echo bids the rocks around
 To each returning clack rebound :
 There music echoes thro' the grove,
 And breathes the tender notes of love.

SWEET spot, a while I'll rest me here,
 And blest me with thy balmy cheer,
 Given by the gods to those below
 Who ne'er the racking tortures know
 Of fell ambition's endless pain :
 Secure from ev'ry black'ning stain, 130
 And tongue that wounds an honest name,
 Or blasts a virgin's spotless fame.

MALICE can find no harbour here :
 No slander hurt the tender ear :
 No raging mob, no foul debate :
 No fools that sink a hapless state :
 No fawning crew, no cringing knave :
 No fop that apes the great and brave :

But

But sweet content and peace of mind,
 With truth and steady justice join'd.

140

HERE, as when King John fill'd the throne,
 Ere yet Integrity was gone,
 Ere yet she turn'd her longing eyes,
 With mild Astraea to the skies,
 And weary of a guilty earth,
 Bethought her of her heavenly birth;
 Ere yet sublime she took her flight,
 And fought yon empyrean height:
 Here Chastity yet holds her reign,
 And sheds her blessings o'er the plain: 150
 In virtue's path she guides the maid;
 She guards the husband's spotless bed;
 Chear'd by her smiles the homely bower,
 And rapture fills the nuptial hour.
 Nurs'd by her fond maternal care,
 Blooms a young offspring fresh and fair,
 As vernal flowers the fields adorn,
 When Phoebus lights the purple morn.

D

While

While thus she sees her infants rise,
 Joy sparkles in the mother's eyes : 160
 Rejoic'd the happy father finds
 The op'ning beauties of their minds
 Shoot forth in tenderness and love :
 Such as the Gods themselves approve.

HENCE from this ever sacred place;
 Hence with your whole detested race,
 Vot'ries of lust : O ! never dare
 To taint this uninfected air :
 O ! never on this hallowed ground,
 One vestige of your steps be found : 170
 Go, with Intrigue and Treach'ry fell,
 Conceal you in some Gallic cell :
 To dark abodes of lust retire :
 And quench with Monks, your fierce desire.

AND first let G——lle lead the van,
 Born to destroy, whole troops of men :
 Who

Who having spent the fleeting night,
 In the most furious feats of fight,
 By the most ardent lust inspir'd
 For males with equal passions fir'd ; 180
 Yet grieves to see the morning star
 Appear, to end the glorious war ;
 Spent with the encounter, not defeat,
 She cannot bear the sound retreat.

FAST at her heels let G——n go,
 Born to engage a nobler foe :
 Doom'd by her ever conquering charms,
 To dare the highest blood to arms :
 In evil hour doom'd to profane
 Thy rites, O ! Hymen, and to stain, 190
 Ungrateful wretch, a husband's bed,
 Who from the lowest fortune led
 Her to high state, and honour'd name,
 Which might have gain'd her deathless fame,

Far

Far down the swelling flood of time,
 Long as the poets lofty rhyme
 Can live, or glorious records tell,
 What beauties reign'd, what Princes fell.

NEXT in the train be B—— plac'd ;
 Faded her bloom, and all defac'd 200
 Her former glory, and renown,
 By which she might have gain'd a crown ;
 Had not stern laws forbid the deed,
 And —— for other charms decreed.

BEHOLD to Calais' rocky beech,
 Her course a lusty Madam stretch ;
 Of body huge, and weighty purse,
 Of matrimony nothing worse,
 Though two she buckl'd at one time ;
 The one was gallant in the prime 210
 And bloom of years ; the other old,
 But urg'd his claim with bags of gold.

What

What will not gold's resistless charms
 Effect, to gain a Lady's arms?
 It breaks thro' strongest towers of brass,
 Thro' bolts of steel and iron can pass,
 Disarm the law of all it's power,
 And Peers call guiltless: While the whore
 In triumph curtsies, and retires,
 Fairly acquit; for all she hires. 220
 Resolv'd her native land to quit,
 And plague no longer H—— and F——te,
 She goes, attended by her maid,
 In breeches whilom; now array'd
 In petticoats*: Sure Lady never
 A scheme discovered half so clever;
 Two characters in one to join,
 And both so fitly to combine.
 A dextrous maid she plies at morn,
 Her wishful mistress to adorn; 230

E Each

* Vide an epistolary correspondence between Mr F—— and a celebrated Dutchess.

Each little pin she fixes fair,
 And forms the ringlets of her hair
 With nicest touch! and down they flow
 In many a sweet enchanting row;
 And on her cheeks such roses rise
 As match the goddesses of the skies.
 At night, a wanton lusty fellow,
 He lays her gently on her pillow
 Of softest down; and there inspires
 Such sweet and ravishing desires; 240
 Such golden dreams, such soft delights;
 Such rapture blesses all her nights,
 As nature's highest * * * can crave,
 And more than H—— or K—— gave.

ANOTHER yet of goatish race,
 Impatient for the hot embrace:
 Squat in her form, of aspect bold;
 By nature cast in rustic mould.
 If nature, frowning, hath denied
 Her melting charms; that want supplied

250

By

By gold, she gains the power to please,
 And charm with dignity and ease.
 And though more coarse than Lapland wife,
 Amid wild elemental strife
 Begot and born ; yet gold imparts
 The Paphian smiles, the Paphian darts,
 Tho' niggard law our wives hath stinted
 To one poor husband, yet, 'tis hinted,
 She boldly hath o'erleapt these rules
 Contriv'd to frighten silly fools : 260
 In spite of custom, law, and state,
 She takes a stout triumvirate.

FAIN would the muse now drop the song ;
 The accents tremble on her tongue ;
 When next in rank fair ——— must stand :
 But virtue's ever stern command
 Bids her go on : Nor ever dare
 A foul detested crime to spare :

Tho'

Tho' birth and beauty should combine:
 Tho' pity bending from her thrine 270
 In melting strains, to plead her cause,
 And sooth her for her injur'd laws:
 Oh! lovely maid, once much admir'd;
 Once by the noblest thoughts inspir'd;
 How early is thy glory fled?
 How must thou hide thy lovely head?
 Why did'st thou, or relentless fate,
 Not mark thee out some fairer mate?
 Like thee in years, like thee in charms,
 And give thee to his longing arms? 280
 Why wast thou in that sacred bond
 With feeble age and av'rice join'd?

AVAUNT those heroines of vice!
 Be other themes the muse's choice:
 To other strains be tun'd the lyre:
 Let virtue's pure celestial fire

Swell

Swell the glad song : Nor can she fail
 To find a subject for her tale,
 While CHARLOTTE England's throne shall grace,
 In virtue high, as high in place ; 290
 And, with a fond maternal care,
 Her people's joys and troubles share :
 The orphan's stay, the widow's guard,
 Of piety the sure reward ;
 And, with a blooming offspring blest,
 The sweetest transports fill her breast ;
 The while in harmless frolick round
 Her, blythe the little prattlers bound ;
 Or, with fond expectation by
 Her, catch each motion of her eye, 300
 The applauding glance, th' approving smile,
 Which all their little cares beguile,
 And ev'ry rapture can impart,
 To cheer their mind and charm their heart.
 Blest Queen ! long shall thy spotless praise
 Awake the poet's rapt'rous lays :

Long shall thy sacred name engage
 The labours of the historic page.
 And future Queens, whom bounteous Jove
 May send to claim a nation's love, 310
 And bless a people brave and free,
 Shall read thy life, and copy thee.

NOR let the patriot's hollow strain
 Disturb our calm unruff'd scene
 With periods, cloth'd in borrowed guise,
 That like the rumbling thunder rise,
 To spread afar their false alarms,
 And rouse the sons of peace to arms.
 His country's love, his country's weal,
 Kindle the furious patriot's zeal; 320
 And, while he pleads the glorious cause,
 For liberty, and broken laws,
 His King abus'd, the people lost,
 Or in eternal tumults toss'd

A noble race. 'Tis pride alone
 Urges this seeming patriot on ;
 And envy dire, and rancour fell,
 Nor ever burst the gates of hell,
 A fiend more fierce. Tho' from his tongue,
 Soft as the guileful syren's song, 330
 The honey'd strains of peace may flow,
 And sweet complacency grace his brow :
 Yet in his heart rebellion reigns ;
 The tyrant's rod, the clank of chains,
 Employ his wish. And O ! beware,
 Ye Britains, shun the deadly snare :
 If freedom yet inspires your breast,
 And Liberty, a lovely guest,
 Delight our isle : Fly Discord's call ;
 She courts you, only, to enthrall. 340

ROUGH as the waves that dash his coast,
 When from the eternal reign of frost,

Fell

Fell Boreas bursts his iron bands,
 And thunders o'er Ierne's strands;
 Lo! yon Hibernian, fierce, and loud,
 Declaims to the surrounding croud
 Of patriots sage, a motly train,
 In language impudent and vain;
 Like that which shook old England's throne,
 When erst the wily traitor shone 350
 In regal state; and Cromwell rode
 O'er heaps of slain, and fields of blood;
 And Discord wav'd her banners high,
 As meteors blazing in the sky,
 And Phrenzy wild, with scatter'd hair,
 And yells that rent the troubled air,
 When in her hand, the faulchion glar'd,
 And big with rage her bosom bar'd,
 High, mounted in her fiery car,
 Thro' dismal carnage drove the war. 360

FREEDOM

FREEDOM, my friends, be still our plan,
 The noblest excellence of man :
 Be freedom still our darling theme,
 Tho' pension'd rogues of mighty name,
 With pension'd minions should conspire,
 To quench this ever sacred fire.
 Tho' gold and brib'ry should oppose,
 The strongest and the fiercest foes ;
 Let us stand forth, a noble band,
 To save this bulwark of our land. 370
 'Tis the Palladium that was given *
 Us, by the awful court of heav'n,
 To guard. 'Tis that aetherial flame
 Presented by the vestal Dame
 To Rome ; when first her genius rose,
 O'er myriads of embattled foes :
 Long ere her legions past the Po,
 Or Carthage rose, her deadly foe :

G

Ere

* Col. B—— Speech.

Ere Punic pines forlook the wood,
 To launch into the briny flood; 380
 Or the firm canvass form'd the sail
 To swell before the springing gale,
 And waft her swarthy legions o'er,
 Tremendous, to Italia's shore :
 Or at the sacred altar stood,
 The altar red with hallow'd blood,
 Her youthful Hero, and to heaven
 The inviolable oath * was given,
 Ever to cherish deadly hate,
 And rage against the Roman state; 390
 To Rome 'twas by the God of fate
 Given as the emblem of her state ;
 Which firm and stable should endure
 From rage of foreign foes secure,
 And inward broils, long as the fire
 Should not, by impious rites, expire :

But

* Hannibal's oath to his father, never to live in friendship with the Romans.

But when the Priestess broke her vow,
 Profan'd her rites, and prov'd untrue,
 Regardless of the vestal dame,
 Extinct in ashes sunk the flame. 400

The state then dire disasters tore,
 And dangers threaten'd from each shore.
 The King of heav'n, his red right hand,
 Then bar'd to strike a guilty land.
 Old Earth the awful signal took;
 And from her deepest caverns shook.
 Fell terror ev'ry bosom fills;
 Tremble the everlasting hills;
 Abroad the forky lightnings fly;
 And peals of thunder rend the sky. 410

BUT from these deeds of antient times,
 Immortaliz'd in deathless rhymes,
 Let me a moment turn your view,
 To tell a homely tale to you,
 Pat to our purpose, I presume,
 And will no length of time consume:

In

In simple strains, devoid of art ;
 These best can touch the honest heart :
 All gaudy colouring I despise,
 Contriv'd to trick the vulgar eyes : 420
 Falsehood to dress in gay attire,
 And make the unthinking mob admire ;
 Black deeds to clothe in fair array,
 Which leads the unwary mind astray.

ONCE in my early dawn of youth,
 Sacred to science and to truth,
 To vice and villany unknown,
 And reckless of the tyrant's frown,
 Wisdom to glean, and read by rule,
 My father sent me to the school. 430
 A rural village was the scene.
 And all amidst the level green
 Our furly † Priscian's mansion stood,
 Wash'd by a riv'let's scanty flood,

And

* This member generally concludes his speeches with a tale, of which he is the hero.

† An old grammarian.

And on the distant miry shore
 Of ducks and hens a goodly store,
 And grunting swine, and gagging geese,
 And other animals like these,
 A housewife kept. When oft, for sport,
 We to the streamlet did resort, 440
 On winter's day or summer's even;
 Or on the stream, or margin green,
 This motly flock we frequent found,
 And drove them to their inmost bound.
 At first the housewife gently chid,
 And all her rising rancour hid:
 But when we more licentious grew,
 And lam'd each duck that came in view;
 Pelted the hogs, and pluck'd the geese,
 Plunder'd her larder, stole her cheese; 450
 Enrag'd the angry madam came,
 And made a long and weighty claim,
 Which we refus'd in scornful sport;
 "She has no advocate in court."

NEXT day a sturdy band she brought,
 When we our fav'rite pastime sought,
 Seiz'd us, of no attack affraid;
 And dearly for her loss we paid.
 All this I saw, nay, something more,
 A mighty part in all I bore. 460

The tale now told, for application:
 The school-boys are the British nation;
 The housewife, that illustrious band
 Of patriots o'er the Atlantic strand,
 Of noble independent soul,
 Disdaining ev'ry mean controul;
 Or servile fear, or slavish awe;
 And far above the tyrant's law.
 He said: And round the list'ning throng,
 Applauses burst from ev'ry tongue. 470

As next in worth, so next in place,
 Another of the brawling race

Arose;

Arose ; with indignation keen,
 And vengeance threat'ning in his mien.
 Ye courtiers, cringing statesmen's tools,
 Ye ignorant ministerial fools,
 Be dumb : I hereby to the King
 * A wife and pat petition bring ;
 Where truth and justice clearly shine
 As noon-tide sun in ev'ry line ; 480
 And full of loyalty, you see ;
 For it was dictated by me.
 In this no leaden sentence crawls
 Thro' half a page : No hireling scrawls.
 No dull encomiums limping forth
 In servile terms to my L—d N—th :
 No pension'd rogue torments his brain,
 Some worthy patriot's name to stain.
 Pointed the glowing periods stand,
 And own the master's skilful hand. 490

Some-

* Mr E—— B——k's New York petition.

Sometimes the stile may seem severe ;
 But such as only villains fear.
 True liberty inspires the page,
 And fires a noble patriot rage,
 Inherent in the human breast,
 Which none but knaves and fools detest.
 But chief this noble passion's found,
 America, within thy bound !
 There with the purest flame it burns ;
 It swallows all, and all o'erturns ;
 Devours each barrier to oppose
 It, rais'd by its infernal foes ;
 Which still, by motion, gains new strength,
 And grows invincible at length,
 But why these men such kindred claim,
 Yet listen, with the heav'nly dame ?
 That generous race from England sprung,
 When first each British breast was stung
 With love of freedom : This they bore,
 From you, to yonder happier shore :

500

510

Dear

Dear as their life ; to them it seems
 A precious gem, and as the streams
 Of vital blood, that from the heart
 Flow to invigorate every part ;
 So liberty its wondrous force
 Still with reanimating course
 Sheds thro' that state ; inspires each soul,
 And gives new vigour to the whole ;
 And will, with more than mortal power,
 Support them in the trying hour. 520
 And oh ! beware to strike a blow
 Which you, with them, must level low ;
 Let not, unless all prayer is vain,
 These ministers of vengeance stain
 With slaughter, that devoted land,
 Of friends slain by each other's hand.
 Let not each plain, each field, and flood,
 Run purple with our brother's blood.
 Bathe not in gore the murd'ring blade,
 For which no ransom can be paid ; 530

For which no off'ring can be giv'n
To appease th' avenging wrath of heav'n.

THIS hope still cheers my sinking mind,
In this some comfort still I find,
That that auspicious day is near,
To ev'ry noble heart most dear ;
When we shall make those traitors feel,
Those murderers of the public weal,
The force of our avenging might,
When arm'd to shield a sacred right : 54°
And cause those servile miscreants know
That tyranny has yet a foe,
Who dares undauntedly stand forth,
The guardian firm of suff'ring worth.

By all that's sacred to me here,
By all I hope hereafter, swear ;
That when that happy morn shall shine,
For which I hail ! all power divine :

That

That none, however strong he be,
 Or zealous, shall out-rival me; 550
 To bring those monsters forth to view,
 And feel the punishment that's due
 To their atrocious crimes. Yet hear,
 If truth and nature to your ear
 Can gain access. This once I read,
 Among the annals of the dead *.
 A man in wrath against his foe,
 Aim'd at his heart a deadly blow :
 But when he saw the fatal dart,
 Meant for his foe, must pierce the heart 560
 Of a sweet babe, that fondly clung
 Fast to his breast ; his arm, unstrung,
 Sunk nerveless by his side. Thus you
 This singular incident should view :
 Each fatal dart, that wing'd with speed,
 You point at their devoted head,

Be

* Vide this gentleman's speech on the American contest.

Be sure a true born Briton's slain,
And that you bleed in ev'ry vein.

WHILE thus he rag'd, and thus he swore,
As north winds tear cold Iceland's shore, 570
A neighbour twitch'd him by the ear,
And begg'd a short advice he'd hear.
'Tis plain and honest, don't recede ;
Tho' a few queries may precede,
'Tis nothing worse. Why all this rage ?
Why thus in hot contest engage ?
To you the plea's not worth a pin :
'Tis true, you're out ; another's in.
Where got you all this patriot heat ?
This skill in politic debate ? 580
Not at Saint Omar's : There the day,
In learned ease and am'rous play,
You spent. And when the evening dark
Secur'd your passage to the Park,

To

To meet the fair Bourgeoise * you stole,
 The transient charmer of your soul;
 Or, if the friseur gone, secure,
 Admitted by the postern door,
 You safely hugg'd his willing wife,
 The other darling of your life.

390

ANOTHER, petulant and young,
 Of noted virulence of tongue;
 While round the house the whisper ran,
 In stile ferocious thus began:
 Vain all their petty sneaking laws,
 Forg'd to destroy our noble cause;
 On theft and bribery begot,
 Soon in contempt and scorn must rot;
 Weakness and error ev'ry line
 Indite; and fraud with falsehood join.

600

K

To

* Alluding to two famous intrigues of this gentleman when he attended that seminary.

To ev'ry sense of honour dead ;
 A hollow heart and senseless head,
 Sunk in the most enormous crimes,
 The scourge and tyrants of the times.

OUR commerce lost, a country sold,
 All barter'd for accursed gold ;
 A people, with tremendous cries,
 Invoking vengeance from the skies.
 But shall that happy moment come,
 When rogues shall meet their proper doom ? 610
 It shall : And lo ! already near,
 Methinks I see the dawn appear ;
 And each sinks back with foul disgrace,
 While gibbets stare them in the face.

WHILE thus he spoke, of radiant form,
 His father rose ; and, as the storm,
 Which, having ravag'd earth and skies,
 At the great thunderer's mandate dies,

The

The youthful orator was still

Obedient to the other's will.

620

While thus the Sage the silence broke,

And in persuasive accents spoke.

SUCH youthful heat, such passion strong,

Such language from so fierce a tongue ;

In you some virtue may portend,

When time and care thy stile shall mend,

And when experience sage shall weed

The tares that choke the nobler seed :

But trust me, Sir, wild thoughts like these,

Express'd in such indecent phrase,

630

They suit but ill the time and place,

And end they must in your disgrace.

Such mad chimaeras of the brain,

That villains here and tyrants reign,

Our commerce lost, a country sold,

All barter'd for accursed gold,

Are falsehood all. The men we trust,

Are men experienc'd, wise, and just.

No

No country's fold, no men enslav'd,
 No people of their rights bereav'd. 640
 But a rebellious son comes forth,
 To crush the fire that gave him birth;
 Whom, with a parent's care he rear'd,
 And with him ev'ry blessing shar'd;
 Whom oft he rais'd, when sinking low,
 And sav'd him from his fellest foe.
 In time check this immod'rate heat;
 Or save it for Saint * James's street,
 When cozen'd there by midnight gambler,
 Usurers in † Jerusalem chamber. 650
 When old Rodondo rais'd his head,
 Of plots and plotters once the dread:

Long

* *Or save it for, &c.* In which there is a famous gambling-house, much frequented by this Gentleman.

† A room in this Gentleman's house, in which he holds consultations with Jews, Brokers, &c. thence named Jerusalem Chamber.

Long fam'd a wise prophetic sage,
 The dread and wonder of the age;
 Who could with more than magic spell,
 What some years hence would happen tell.
 In London street, or Hayes's mead,
 Told what was doing at Madrid;
 Still more, ere to his nonplus brought,
 Could tell what Spanish monarch thought. 660
 And, as America was freed
 From one taxation, she would breed,
 Ere she submitted to another,
 A damnable and bloody pothor;
 Because by him she had been fav'd,
 From the stamp-act, so now he crav'd
 She might be fav'd all further plea,
 For tossing English goods in sea.
 And as for levies and taxation,
 The sinks and whirlpools of a nation, 670
 He begg'd she might be quite releas'd,
 And pay what mod'rate fums she pleas'd.

Of old a maxim 'twas, and still,
 It sweetly comes that comes a will ;
 And that they in a peaceful way,
 Whatever Britain ask'd, would pay.
 With honest zeal and mild endurance,
 He had the faithfullest assurance :
 But try but once by forceful measure,
 To wrest from them their wealth and treasure, 680
 Such courage, and such skill they'll show,
 You never met so firm a foe.
 Such strength you'll rouse, a spirit so fell,
 As much I fear you'll never quell :
 'Tis phrenzy wild, and madness all,
 To strive a people to enthrall ;
 For liberty whose father's bled,
 And they themselves I trust would shed
 Their dearest blood, did need require,
 Ere their lov'd liberty expire ; 690
 Sunk breathless on th' empurpled plain,
 By butchering hands of villains slain.

Will

Will they, whose fires, a dauntless band,
 For freedom fought a desert land,
 With barren vales and hostile wood,
 Thro' all the dangers of the flood;
 Will these aspiring free-born minds
 Which wind, nor sea, nor storm confines,
 Nor wilds immeasurably spread,
 Nor tow'ring mountains rocky-head; 700
 Will they, in abject bondage, bow,
 To wear the chain that's forg'd by you?
 O! ignorance, and delusion foul,
 Marks of a low degenerate soul;
 Whoever form'd this horrid plan,
 I shall not single out the man,
 Nor will I openly impeach
 The fool that durst such doctrine teach;
 But this with boldness may be said,
 May not our S———n be betray'd? 710
 And what is of more moment far
 Than trophies won, or spoils of war,
 Or

Or King's security or crown,
'Tis well if Britain's not undone.

THO' now with age I'm fore oppress'd,
And oft with sharp disease distress'd,
Yet sharper pangs my bowels feel
For my beloved country's weal,
Nail'd if I be not to my bed,
And can but raise my aking head,
Per diem to this house I'll crawl,
And on the hapless threshold call,
Till I shall rouse the administration,
From dreams of wild infatuation.
He said, and on the bench he sunk
A feeble, crazy, withered trunk.

THEN rose ; but to recount all those
Who strive each measure to oppose,
How wise so'er for public good,
If by the minister avow'd ;

720

730

Who

Who in wild Discord's reign rejoice,
 And thunder with rebellious voice,
 Of taxes, brib'ry, and oppression,
 A King betray'd, a ruin'd nation;
 Would be to count the waspish race,
 That spring from July's hot embrace
 With dunghill ; or the vermin bred,
 In hogs-sty, or in carcase deed.

THEN he who holds the helm of state,
 In action firm, in counsel great ; 740
 Unshaken in the noisy throng
 Of public strife and faction strong ;
 True to his country and her cause,
 The firm protector of her laws,
 Thus spoke : In accents mild, but bold
 As spoke the Pylean sage of old,
 When Discord shook each Grecian band
 Encamp'd along the Trojan strand.

M. Could

Could lenient means effectual prove,
 These measures only should I love : 750
 Could these an erring people bring
 To law, allegiance, and their King ;
 None with more ardor could apply
 The balmy remedy than I.
 But if, by mad sedition driv'n,
 They scorn all peaceful offers given ;
 And furious, in their lawless course,
 From evil headlong fall to worse ;
 Determin'd to support her right,
 Let Briton show her native might. 760
 Shall she, who high in record stands
 For conquest gain'd o'er fellest lands,
 To check her wayward offspring dread,
 To every sense of virtue dead ?
 By long indulgence taught to know
 Britain will never be her foe,
 While right and reason are their guides,
 And Justice o'er their plans presides ;

Virtue

Virtue their grateful heart inspires,
 And kindles there her native fires. 770
 But if betray'd in evil hour,
 To trample on her sacred power;
 By crimes, repeated long, abus'd,
 The British thunder must be rous'd.

HIGH o'er the whole supremely rais'd,
 The MAN for ev'ry virtue prais'd,
 Untainted faith, an ardent zeal,
 Still burning for his people's weal,
 With sacred truth and justice pure,
 Unvaried with the fleeting hour; 780
 Yet soften'd still with Mercy's balm;
 A gentle mind; a temper calm,
 Unruffled by the lawless rule
 Of swelling passion strong; and cool,
 Firmly unbiass'd, and sedate,
 Amid the storm of high debate;

While

While care his lab'ring breast possess'd,
 He thus his anxious mind exprefs'd :
 " Long have I mark'd, with deep regret,
 Fell tumults fill our subject state, 790
 And loud, beyond the Atlantic main,
 The voice of Discord shakes the plain ;
 Where Peace and Concord lately reign'd,
 And law a sov'reign sway maintain'd ;
 Where love and duty lately spread,
 Rebellion rears her horrid head,
 And waves the bloody truncheon high,
 To bid all peace and order fly.
 Even in the peaceful western breeze,
 Mild ruler of the Atlantic seas, 800
 Which wafted from each subject grove,
 The vows of duty, vows of love ;
 The grateful voice of union dies,
 And Discord, with her raven cries,
 Rides in the raging storm. Yet still
 Let pity ev'ry bosom fill

For

For those deluded men. O ! spare,
 If possible, the rage of war.
 Oh ! may they, ere too late, yet know
 What dire unutterable woe, 810
 What scenes of blood, what fields of death
 Attend rebellion's fatal path.
 What dangers fell, what pale dismay
 Shall seize them in their closest way :
 What penal chains their limbs shall bind ;
 What scorpions strike their guilty mind.

If by a few seducers led,
 Nor law, nor punishment they dread ;
 Duty and loyalty despise,
 And thus in mad'ning fury rise, 820
 To spurn the power by which they rose ;
 Protected from their sternest foes,
 To wealth, to eminence, and fame ;
 And gain'd in ev'ry art a name
 Thro' the extensive world around,
 Where e'er the British trumpet's found,

While care his lab'ring breast possess'd,
 He thus his anxious mind exprefs'd :
 " Long have I mark'd, with deep regret,
 Fell tumults fill our subject state, 790
 And loud, beyond the Atlantic main,
 The voice of Discord shakes the plain ;
 Where Peace and Concord lately reign'd,
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 Protected from their sternest foes,
 To wealth, to eminence, and fame ;
 And gain'd in ev'ry art a name
 Thro' the extensive world around,
 Where e'er the British trumpet's found,

Swells in the breeze and spreads afar
 The voice of peace or din of war;
 What num'rous ills shall mark their fate?
 What woes their hapless lot await? 830
 Bondage their stubborn limbs shall break,
 Oppression bend their haughty neck;
 Slav'ry shall bow them to the earth,
 Tyrannic power the lab'ring breath
 Shall stop. Their boasted patriot band,
 With iron scourges in their hand,
 Shall teach them, but alas! too late,
 Their wretch'd irrevocable fate.
 Oh! could persuasion's gentle strain
 Recal the wanderers again 840
 To me, tho' stubborn, still they're dear,
 If Reason's candid voice they'd hear.
 Oh! may her voice their bosoms move!
 I love them with a parent's love."

ENOUGH of politics and strife,
 The care and gall of public life.

My

My course again I upward bend,
 The gently rising height ascend ;
 On highest top I take my stand,
 And the wide scene around command, 850
 Of hill, and dale, and spreading wood,
 Of glitt'ring lake, and crystal flood,
 While all the songsters of the grove
 Pour forth the melody of love.
 From seat to seat I sometimes fly ;
 Sometimes delighted, feast the eye,
 Where sacred by the mark of years,
 A mansion thro' the wood appears,
 Whose nodding towers thus seem to moan,
 Alas ! my golden days are gone ; 860
 Far are my happy moments fled,
 In which I rear'd my stately head ;
 My young inhabitants no more,
 Gambol (as they were wont before),
 In joyous dance around my dome,
 Nor ask of me a friendly home :

No

No music answers to the call
 Of mirth. No banquets grace my hall,
 For generous goblets once so fam'd,
 Scarce by my neighbouring mansions nam'd ; 870
 Or nam'd but to lament my fate,
 And promise aid, alas ! too late :
 Scarce is the lonely pilgrim seen
 To wander thoughtful o'er my green,
 And in a kindly plaintive tone,
 To mourn my golden moments gone.

SUCH is the fate of earthly things,
 Fond man, and such of him who sings ;
 He too must drop these willing lays,
 Which now he tunes to Nature's praise, 880
 Low in the dust recline his head,
 And rest amid the num'rous dead.

AND now ye lovely scenes adieu,
 Farewell a while the enchanting view ;
 For from the brim of western stream,
 Trembles the last departing beam.

Of day ; and hail'd by melting song,
 Sweet † Bonieton, thy woods among,
 I'll hie me to thy pleasing seat,
 And shield me in thy safe retreat.

890

To shades like these, from public strife,
 From all the noise of busy life,
 Th' immortal Scipio once retir'd,
 By nature's sacred dictates fir'd ;
 Delighted more with those sweet scenes,
 Than all he had gain'd on Zama's plains,
 Than all the trophies he had won
 From Africa's unconquer'd son.

OPPRESS'D by all his country's foes
 Ungratefully betray'd by those
 For whom he watch'd long nights away,
 And spent in pain the toilsome day ;
 When Rome's great consul left the stage,
 And screen'd him from a guilty age,

900

O

Like

* A Gentleman's seat in the west of Sc——nd, of an exceeding wild, romantic, pleasant situation, from an eminence in the neighbourhood of which is a most enchanting view of the western ocean.

Like thee in Tusculum he found,
 A sheltering wood and grove profound.
 Dear scenes that never fail to please,
 And charm with philosophic ease;
 To loftiest truths exalt the mind;
 And all her sweet affections bind
 To wisdom; and that raise the soul,
 On wings sublime, to grasp the whole
 Of vast creation's noble plan,
 Far as the ways of God to man
 Appear disclosed. Deign lovely maid,
 Philosophy, thro' this sweet shade,
 Kindly to whisper to mine ear,
 Such truths as they were wont to hear
 Of old, who caught thy glorious flame,
 And rais'd themselves a mighty name:
 A name that never shall decay,
 Till yonder Heaven shall melt away;
 Devouring fire invest each pole,
 And wide destruction sink the whole.

F I N I S.

